At ſuch a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was ſhot,
Who diſgraced, what termes the enemy ſtood on.
And this they con perfectly in phraſe of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid ſhout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewaſht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you muſt learne
To know ſuch ſlanders of this age,
Or elſe you may meruellouſly be miſtooke.

Flew. Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time ſhall ſerue, I ſhall tell him a little
Of my deſires: heere comes his Maieſty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloſter, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it ſhall pleaſe your Maieſty,
There is excellent ſeruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you loſt *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it ſhall pleaſe your Maieſty,
The partition of the aduerſary hath beene great,
Very reaſonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue loſt neuer a man, vnleſſe it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maieſty
Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his noſe
Like a coale, ſometimes red, ſometimes plew;
But God be praiſed, now his noſe is executed,
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders ſo cut off,
And here we giue expreſſe commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abuſed,
Or vpbraided with diſdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentleſt gameſter is the ſooner winner.

Enter

Enter the French Herauld.

Herald. You know me by my habite.

King. Well then, we know thee,
What ſhould we know of thee?

Her. My Maſters minde. *Ki*

Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* of England, and
Aduantage is a better ſouldier then raſhneſſe
Although we did ſeeme dead, we did but ſlu
Now we ſpeake vpon our kue, & our voyce i
England ſhall repent her folly, ſee her raſhne
And admire our ſufferance. VVhich to ranſo
His pettineſſe would bow vnder:
For the effuſiõn of our blood, his army is too
For the diſgrace we haue borne, himſelfe kne
At our feete, a weake and worthleſſe ſatisfac
To this, adde defiance.
So much from the King my Maſter.

King. VVhat is thy name? we know thy q

Herald. Montioy.

King. Thou doſt thy office faire, returne th
And tell thy King, I do not ſeeke him now;
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*; for to ſay the ſooth,
(Though tis no wiſedome to confeſſe ſo much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My ſouldiers are with ſickneſſe much enfeeb
My Army leſſened, and thoſe few I haue,
Almoſt no better then ſo many French:
VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee He
I thought vpon one paire of Engliſh legs,
Did march three Frenchmens.
Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus;
Your aire of *France* hath blowne this vice in
I muſt repent, go tell thy Maſter here I am,
My ranſome is this fraile and worthleſſe bod
My Army but a weake and ſickly guard.